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The sudden sound of approaching pawsteps came from nearby. A muscular tom with a dark brown tabby pelt and glittering amber eyes burst into the ShadowClan camp. Despite the fact that his ribs showed through his unkempt fur, he still seemed like a powerful opponent to meet in battle. Scars covered his pelt and the scent of a rival Clan still lingered on his fur. It was Tigerclaw, the ThunderClan deputy.

The ShadowClan warriors rose to their feet and formed a line, arching their backs threateningly. “So I see that ThunderClan have stooped low enough to spy on ShadowClan,” Runningnose growled coldly. “Just because our leader is dead does not mean that we’re weak, and you can tell Bluestar, wherever she’s hiding, that ShadowClan will tear your pelts off if you intend to fight.”

Tigerclaw blinked, surprise showing in his eyes. “Nightstar is dead?” Tigerclaw asked in shock.

Runningnose stepped backwards. “You mean you didn’t know?” he asked.

Tigerclaw shook his massive head. “No,” the ThunderClan deputy replied.

“Then why are you here?” Runningnose asked, the menace returning to his voice.

“I left ThunderClan. They have showed great weakness recently, and are no longer the Clan I served happily. I mean, a kittypet as a warrior? Traitors who take mates from other Clans? And think about the young ThunderClan cats that have been injured recently due to ThunderClan’s carelessness about safety. Cinderpelt, is crippled and will never be a warrior. And there are more examples that I could speak about all day and all night. I decided to

seek a new Clan to give my loyalty and my dedication to preserving the warrior code to, and I decided that ShadowClan was quite suitable. You have very noble warriors, and Nightstar was a great leader," Tigerclaw answered.

"The unexpected warrior rising to the rank of leader," a ShadowClan warrior meowed suddenly. "You think he is the great leader StarClan told you about?"

Runningnose felt his fur starting to rise out of unease. He hadn't told his Clan the whole prophecy. "Perhaps," he replied, struggling to keep his voice steady.

"You honor me to offer me to opportunity to lead your Clan already. If you chose me, I swear by StarClan to serve you to the best of ability," Tigerclaw meowed.

The ShadowClan cats spoke their opinion.

"He'd make a good leader."

"But he was or maybe still is a ThunderClan cat! What if he's a spy?"

"I think we can trust him. He smells more like a loner than a ThunderClan warrior."

"He was a good deputy for ThunderClan, and was a well respected warrior."

Runningnose swished his tail as a signal for silence. "The Clan has spoken," he said shakily. "Tigerclaw and I will visit the Moonstone tomorrow morning."

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The former ThunderClan warrior's fear-scent was almost overwhelming. Runningnose led the way through the tunnel, and as the closer they got to the sacred stone, the more powerful it became.

Finally, the two cats entered the cave where the

Moonstone was. A bright streak of white light descended through a large gap in the roof and struck the stone. The cavern lit up, the Moonstone glistening as if it were made out of starlight itself. Even Tigerclaw's dark fur shone silver, and as Runningnose looked into his eyes, he saw something more than the glow of the Moonstone reflected in the massive tom's eyes. There was the unmistakable glint of fear in his amber eyes.

Runningnose didn't understand Tigerclaw's worries, and he waited for the tom to say something. But Tigerclaw didn't speak. "Press your nose against the stone," Runningnose ordered finally.

Tigerclaw obeyed after a brief hesitation. Runningnose sighed, laid down beside him on the cold floor, and touched his nose to the stone. Immediately, the world turned black, and Runningnose felt claws of cold gripping his spine as he sank into the realm of dreams.

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Tigerclaw stood in the middle of Fourtrees and watched as the stars seemed to descend from the sky and land beside him. Runningnose crouched in the bushes nearby, looking on silently.

The StarClan cats all seemed to be glaring at Tigerclaw. Finally, Redtail, a deceased ThunderClan warrior, stepped forward and spoke. "With this life, I give you loyalty to do what's right, even though we know you'll never use it," Redtail meowed, reluctantly touching his nose to Tigerclaw's.

Tigerclaw felt a fire rise in his chest, burning with the fierce desire to defend his Clan. As soon as Redtail stepped back, the feeling evaporated and Tigerclaw coldly returned the stares of the StarClan cats, already planning on ways to kill Fireheart once he'd finished receiving his nine lives.

Runningnose wondered why the StarClan warriors glowered at Tigerclaw with such hatred. And what had Redtail meant.

Spottedleaf, a deceased ThunderClan medicine cat,

stepped forward. “With life I give you courage. I wish you wouldn’t use it for the wrong reasons,” she growled, pressing her nose against Tigerclaw’s.

A tom, who carried the scent of ShadowClan, stepped forward. Runningnose realized after a moment who the starry warrior was. “With this life, I give you wisdom. It is meant to be used to help you to show fairness to cats, and to make the right decisions, even when they are tough ones,” Raggedstar meowed.

The next cat was Sunstar, who had been ThunderClan leader when Runningnose was a kit. “With this life I give you honesty, so that you would speak the truth and not lie like you comfortably do often now,” the tom meowed.

A ThunderClan warrior by the name of Runningwind followed. “With this life, I give you tireless energy, so that you may use it to serve your Clan,” he meowed. “But I fear that you will use it instead to harm your birth Clan.”

A WindClan tom stepped forward. “Brokenstar drove my Clan from its home, and you conspired with him. And for that, I will never forgive you,” Hawkheart, a deceased WindClan medicine cat, meowed. “With this life, I give you mentoring. My wish is that you use it to help increase the knowledge of young ShadowClan warriors in a kinder way than you treated the ThunderClan apprentices.”

Cinderfur, who had been Nightstar’s deputy but had died of illness, stepped forward to deliver Tigerclaw’s eighth life. “With this life, I give you perseverance. It should be used to give you strength to accomplish goals for the good of the Clan, not used as determination to wreak vengeance on old enemies,” the ShadowClan tom rasped.

Who would give Tigerclaw his final life? Runningnose wondered.

Nightstar padded up to Tigerclaw. “With this life, I give you compassion. Use it to be kind to your new Clan, and to attempt to understand every cat’s point of view when there’s a problem,”

the former ShadowClan leader meowed.

Tigerclaw dipped his head to his ancestors, his amber eyes shining with triumph. “My ancestors, I thank you deeply. I am humbled…”

“Save it!” Redtail meowed. “You may fool the Clans in the forest with your diplomatic words, but you cannot fool StarClan!”

There was no chanting of Tigerstar’s new name, like there would be in a normal ceremony. Fool StarClan about what? Runningnose wondered, curious and fearful of what Tigerstar had done to make his warrior ancestors hate him.

As they began to fade, Nightstar stepped forward and spoke. “Your desire for pointless revenge will be your destruction,” Nightstar meowed. “And soon, you will wish Bluestar killed you when you left ThunderClan, because a death by her claws would not have been half as painful as the one you will suffer through in the future.”

With that, the StarClan cats faded, and Runningnose opened his eyes in the Moonstone cave.

A/N: I got the idea for this short story a few days ago. I've always wondered how Tigerstar got ShadowClan to accept him as leader, and what StarClan said at his naming ceremony. This may not be the way the Erin Hunter's would tell it, but this is Crazystar's version. Hope you enjoy, please comment!